


Quote



The fact is the people have not yet made up their minds that we are at war . . . They have not buckled down to the determination to fight this war through and to fight it by hard, tough effort; for they have got the idea into their heads that we are going to get out of this fix somehow by strategy! . . . No headway is going to be made while this delusion lasts.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
as quoted by President
Roosevelt, to show an "in-
teresting parallel" with the
present situation.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*

WORLD WEEK

It now seems clear that Joseph Stalin indirectly instigated the Roosevelt-Churchill high seas meeting. Reconstructing as best we can, this apparently is what happened:

When Harry Hopkins conferred with Stalin at Moscow, the Soviet chief said in no uncertain terms that if he was to hold a firm defense, the democracies would have to (a) send substantial materiel aid, and (b) set up an opposition front.

Hopkins conveyed this message to the President, and to Britain's Prime Minister. The historic conference was a direct result.

The democracies have now underwritten, and in some degree, taken over the Russian war. This is something far beyond the kind-words-and-pious-prayers policy which our Administration had followed up to ten days ago. It calls for a complete revision of all forecasts relating to Russia's future in the conflict. Near as we can gather, the new order of Aid seems to be: Russia, first; Great Britain, second; our own defense requirements, third—with aid to China filling in the chinks, when, as and if.

... — Look for beaucoup trouble on this aid-to-Russia, when Congress re-convenes Sept. 15. Many members dead set against policy of aiding Communists. Will not affect immediate aid, but may threaten President's long-range program.

Stalin's second stipulation—the "opposition front" may not materialize immediately, although there is strong hint that British forces are preparing to enter Iran, where they are disturbed by large number of Nazi "visitors" reported. This would be logical point for British to reinforce Red army. Unless there is a *very great change* in situation, America will play only an arsenal role, with Britain providing the man-power.

It was obvious that Nazis must make supreme effort to capture and occupy Leningrad and Moscow before early Winter sets in. We think they have excellent chance of doing so, at least in case of Leningrad which is direly threatened as these lines are written. This is a drive for psychological as well as material gains and Hitler can't count the cost.

Heretofore Hitler has made conquests pay their way in plunder. Russia may be exception. Apparently scorched earth policy hasn't left much, and prospects for next year aren't too rosy. Remember, in last World War, Germans occupied entire Ukraine for two full growing seasons and, due to poor transportation and other complications, weren't able to bring out enough grain to feed Berlin for a month.

Quote prophecies . . .

Five months ago (QUOTE, 3-29-'41) we forecast that Axis might make war on U. S., to disrupt our Aid-to-Britain program. Danger now much graver.

Don't anticipate declared war—that's outdated. But Japan may be impelled to move in Pacific. Our stepped-up aid to Russia perils her Siberian dream. Move would be almost certain suicide for Japanese Empire, but present fire-eating gov't may yield to strong Hitler pressure for action.

Japan might be obliged to make simultaneous move on Dutch Possessions, since there's no oil in Siberia, and Nippon already feels pinch of embargoes.

Our best guess: no immediate action. But Japan now has strong incentive, and "you can't tell."

Russia's action in flooding giant Dnieperstrol dam should impede German advance; but perhaps even more significant is fact that lack of power will render impotent entire Western industrial area conquered by Nazis.

There was a mid-week report that Hitler is massing 200,000 troops in Bulgaria, for a push thru Turkey to bolster drive on Russia or strike at India. Our guess: a prelude to diplomatic putsch against Turkey; a hedge against anticipated British "opposition front."

JAPAN: State Dep't this week "studied" report that Japan has annexed group of Pacific islands, extending to within 70 miles of Philippines

GASOLINE RATIONING: Good deal of opposition developing within the industry. *National Petroleum News* last week stated that stocks of gasoline on hand in East Coast storage tanks slightly exceeded comparable week-end last year. Nevertheless, look for rationing on East Coast. Use of Pacific tankers to deliver oil to Russia is threatening West Coast shortage. Anticipate rationing there in near future.

... — Dep't stores, we hear, are not too anxious to push liquid leg make-up. Fear femmes may freeze to new fashion "for keeps."

Harmon

Publisher.

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted."—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

ADVERTISING

Few modern agencies have played upon our fears more than magazine advertising. If your husband has a big day ahead of him and is slightly absent-minded as he kisses you goodbye, hunt for the reason on the advertising pages. Perhaps you will be convinced that your mouthwash is wrong. It may have been your make-up at fault, or you may have allowed your husband to have coffee which contained caffeine. The latest is called "gaposis" and if you suffer it your chances of happiness are simply nil.—MARGARET A. J. IRVIN, *Lutheran*, 8-13-'41.

" "

Today's advertiser who cuts his advertising is betting his future profits that the demobilization of the Fighting Dollars is years and years away. When anything so vital to a product as its preference by name is allowed to fade out, the producer has lost something of far greater value than even his plant.—K. R. TOWNSEND, Advertising Manager of Canadian Westinghouse, *Financial Post*, Canada, 8-16-'41.

AGRICULTURE—Farmers

To be a successful American farmer today or in the future, you must have more on the ball than the average American doctor, lawyer or merchant.—*Record Stockman*, 8-7-'41.

AMERICAN-BRITISH RELATIONS

What are England's "little people" saying and thinking? George Barnet, the village storekeeper at Sutton,

"May we
Quote
you on that?"

"A man in a desk chair with his feet on a rug and his eye on a wall or ceiling all day long, is a man in some part cut off from real life and the eternal sources of renewal. There is something strangely restoring about work or play that is done with an eye to the sky and with foot to earth." HENRY A. WALLACE, Vice-President of the United States.

" "

"If all the fat women with varicose veins have to turn to anklet socks, I fervently pray that short skirts will go out—and take this darned war with them!"—MRS. WALTER FERGUSON, NEA Staff Writer.

" "

"I don't believe this stuff about we can't touch the old masters. We oughta be better—we've got time to study, haven't we?"—HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, Dean of American Illustrators.

" "

"Today a man's best assets are his health, a stout heart, confidence in his own integrity. As for his capital . . . his only true capital is, was, and always will be . . . his soul."—DR. A. J. CRONIN, *Harper's Bazaar*.

Sussex, says:

"But did you ever think that a people that has run a good section of the world for 150 years might be a bit tired of the job?"

"Sure, there's only one choice for us: Slavery under the Germans, or economic and political vassalage under the United States. . . .

"I think America will come into this war and in the end will win it. We'll be so tired at the end we'll just say, 'All right, here's Europe, and the keys to India, and the friendship of the Dominions. Go ahead and run things.'—As reported by DREW MIDDLETON.

ARMY

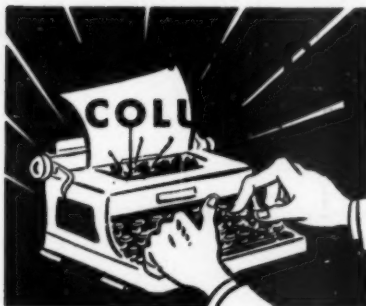
At Ft. Harrison hospital they've rigged up an "aggression alleviator." The soldier with a pent-up peeve is turned loose upon the device, which resembles a barrel turned sidewise. The individual stands a few yards away and heaves rocks into the contraption. If he hits the bull's eye, there's a nerve-refreshing sound not unlike the smashing of a hundred window panes.

The soldier may keep this up for hours, if he has a mind to, but one or two throws is usually enough to restore the disposition to par.

ARMY—Discipline

"From now on when Ah blows dis yere whistle, Ah wants to see a huge cloud of dust come boillin' outa them tents. An' when 'at dust clears 'way, Ah wants to find three rows of statues."—A negro sergeant to his company at Camp Claiborne, La.

Quote is issued weekly by QUOTE SERVICE. Maxwell Droke, Publisher, Business and Editorial Offices: Droke House, 1014 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Indiana. Subscription rate: \$3.50 per year in advance, in United States and Possessions. Foreign \$5.00 per year. Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Office at Indianapolis, Indiana, under Act of March 3, 1879. QUOTE uses no original manuscripts, and does not accept advertising.



Hitler in the Dog House

By GEN'L HUGH S. JOHNSON

The following column can't be guaranteed. . . . I can only say it is a fair consensus of active professional military experts, based on some unquestionable information that has been coming thru from abroad:

The rumor that Goering is in the dog-house is entirely unfounded, as is explanation that he, Gen'l von Keitel and others opposed Russian adventure. The truth, according to these reports, is that if anybody is in the dog-house, it is Hitler himself.

Small, powerful group of Nazi politicians wanted to posture and gesture around in West. Professional soldiers insisted Germany couldn't risk westward action, leaving powerful Russian army on flank and rear—and 1941 was last chance to attend to it.

The professional view was adopted. Hitler is confining himself to political affairs and has little to do with campaign. Soldiers are in saddle.

The next important assertion is that while what was called Plan A—a three to six weeks decisive campaign—has been slowed up, Plan A was merely a tentative gamble.

Plan B, now under way in Russia, involves a systematic chewing into red mince meat of the whole Russian army—corps by corps and group by group. This requires much more time. You can't kill 2,000,000 men in a day—even in a slaughter pen. The Russians are expert in demolition—destruction of roads and bridges, and this is slowing the Germans down. But Plan B is said to be ahead of schedule.

This emphasizes tottering control of the highly-powerful political minorities—ascendancy of military commanders.

The German plan for Russia is said to be to liquidate the Communist party, seize certain mining, agricultural, petroleum and industrial areas, and let the havoc of defeat, destruction and disorganization take its course elsewhere.—Condensed from GEN'L JOHNSON'S Syndicated Column.

ARMY—Language

If an oldtimer is to translate the letters received from camp and to understand the crop of soldier films that Hollywood is rushing to market, he will do well to bridge the gap in his military education with the aid of a comprehensive glossary published in the July-August issue of *Army Ordnance*. We learn that among the recent slang expressions coined by personnel of the new American Army the word jeep means a command car; peep (son of a jeep) means a bantam car; a hell buggy is a tank and so is a doodlebug; a tub is a scout car, and, as you may have guessed, a scatter gun is a machine gun, and a pop-sickle is a motorcycle. Also, a gasoline cowboy is a member of the armed

Army Laughs

The fond mother wrote to her son in military service:

"I do hope you have now learned to get up punctually every morning so that you do not keep the whole battalion waiting for breakfast."

" "

A selectee wearing size 14 shoes was inducted into the Army. One day at camp his commanding officer missed him, and asked: "Has anybody seen Private Draftee?"

And from the rear of the company came the answer: "Yes, sir; he has gone over to the next cross-roads to turn around."

" "

A Ft. Knox private reporting on the scarcity of girls at the weekly Service Club dances: "Sometimes you get cut in on before you actually cut in yourself."

force; a sky winder is an Air Corps man; little poison is a 37 mm. gun; iron horse is another name for a tank; jumping jeep is an autogyro with jump take off and gravel agitator is an infantry man.

AVIATION

In the past two years transatlantic passenger service has become a fact. Before the next two years have passed, I believe we can, with confidence, look forward to frequent daily flights, operating on 12-hour schedules to bridge what was once a great barrier ocean, and to bring our two democracies into still closer union.—JUAN T. TRIPPE, President Pan-American Airways, addressing Royal Aeronautical Society.

BOOKS

A new edition of the Bible specially written for "man-in-the-street" and illustrated with pictures of tanks, marching armies and aeroplanes is to be published this summer.—*News Chronicle*, England.

CIVILIZATION

Civilization is in a struggle for its very existence. It is not on trial; over a large part of the world, civilization has already been condemned. Our task is the task of rescue.—RUFUS B. VON KLEINSMID, *World Affairs Interpreter*, Summer-'41.

CORRESPONDENCE

Soldiers have often found difficulty in writing home after a day's hard training. With this fact uppermost, a new business is opening up in the neighborhood of Uncle Sam's training camps—supplying a portable instantaneous disc recorder and a supply of paper-core blanks. With this, the recruit can speak those words for home into the microphone.—*Commercial America*, 8-'41.

" "

An intelligent censor was asked what it was like to be so fully admitted into the privacy of other people's letters. He said it was fearfully dull. Humanity seemed to know how to write only three of four kinds of letters, all about equally tedious.—SIGNE TOKSVIG, "Letters for You," *American-Scandinavian Review*, Summer-'41.

CRITICISM—Critics

Alexander Woolcott once climaxed many years of the most exquisite heckling of actors by appearing in a costume play with Jane Cowl. The great dramatic critic's scheduled appearance was whispered around the theatrical profession, and hundreds of men and women who had been punctured and left for dead by the poisoned darts of Woolcott's pen made it a point to be in the audience.

When Woolcott walked out on the stage, arm in arm with the well-loved Miss Cowl, the audience stood up as a man and booed and hissed for five minutes. But it didn't stop Woolcott or make him doubt for one instant that his critical sense was God-given. The next day in his paper he described his mortification as the great waves of harsh sounds rolled up over the stage. "I stood there aghast—wondering how in Heaven's name Miss Cowl had become so unpopular."—BOB CONSIDINE, "Do as I Say," *Golf*, 7-'41.

DEFENSE—Camouflage

The other afternoon William S. Knudsen devoted several full seconds to composing a letter to an old associate. "Dear Geddes," the OPM chief inquired. "What are you doing about camouflage?"—Knudsen.

Norman bel Geddes' reply was just one word shorter. "Dear Mr. Knudsen," he wrote. "Keeping as invisible as possible."—*Tide*, 8-1-'41.

A canner in Madison, Ind., has written a letter to each Congressman urging the government to reimburse him and other canners for the loss suffered as a result of the use of canning-crop land for defense purposes. Each letter was sealed in a tin can for mailing. The government will probably fill the cans with I-O-U alphabet soup and return them. — *Food Industries*, 8-'41.

DEFENSE—Preparedness

Unless America realizes that this is a revolution against democratic form of government, she is doomed. We must . . . save China and Russia in the East and England in the West. Unless we stop Hitler and world fascism, the democracy we shall be protecting will be nothing more than a corpse elaborately roughed and dressed for the funeral procession—in which we shall all of us be marching to strains of *Deutschland Ueber Alles*. —PIERRE VAN PASSEN, author of *The Time is Now*, in *Look*, 8-26-'41.

DEFENSE—Production

Where the Defense states were riding far ahead a few months ago, now most of the smaller states are feeling the surge as sub-contracts are rushed and raw materials are brought in. A Boeing bomber, for example, uses material from every state in the Union. —*Sales Management*, 8-1-'41.

DEFENSE—Stamps

A bank teller was hard put to deliver the goods the other day. A customer approached his window with a request for some defense stamps.

"What denomination, please?" he asked.

Her reply: "Baptist."

EDUCATION—Nazi

A Swiss general who visited Berlin was shown by the Nazis all the marvelous institutions of the Third Reich, including the different educational

**A Yankee Doctor in Paradise—S. M.**

LAMBERT, M. D., (Little Brown, \$3.00). Commissioned by Dr. Victor G. Heiser, (American Doctor's Odyssey) eastern director of the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Lambert started out on the trail of the hookworm in Papua. Faced with 98 per cent infection in community after community, he "dewormed" his way thru the South Pacific, initiating and encouraging the major preventive—sanitation; lecturing thousands of times in the hard-learned pidgin: "When you build a house, build a sanitary latrine first." In 1918 hookworm had but one rival—malaria; "one third of our planet's inhabitants had the disease." In 1938 hookworm was so small a problem it is not even mentioned in the Foundation's report.

Exploring and treating the natives on islands untouched by civilization, Dr. Lambert soon concluded that these races die off not through their own suicidal customs, but through diseases introduced from the outside world. His respect for missionaries was tempered by those zealous souls who invaded a happy, self-sufficient community, placing sanctification before sanitation—glorying in a sort of religious totalitarianism.

The beautiful surgery of a people with years of cannibalism behind them, and the brilliant co-operation of his selected native helpers began to resolve in Dr. Lambert's mind a

dream which he was to see realized before leaving the islands: a medical school for native doctors. Slow and hard was the way before the Central Medical School opened in Suva. "Such a little school" said a great lady visitor patronizingly, but it had cost Dr. Lambert seventeen years of ambitious planning. It has grown and is growing, with well over a hundred competent medical men already sent out to administer to their own people. The individual careers of those whom he knew personally are fondly reviewed by the author as he notes the general improvement in health wherever they have operated.

Anticipating the question "Why do you waste your time and money on these niggers, who live in another world from ours?" Dr. Lambert answers: "Because, Mr. Homebody, in this planet of ours which is moving faster every day, tropical products have become a world business. If native labor falls, South Sea industry will grow anemic; your Main Street will rumble with the jar of an economic balance overthrown. That will mean another war. Before that breaks right in front of your office building, maybe you will agree with the Rockefeller Foundation's theory of economics: Keep the native alive, restore his health, give him enough European knowledge to fend him against the evils of Europe, and then he will go happily ahead cultivating the soil for the world and himself."

systems. They took him to one of the Hitler youth schools which was especially reserved for the children of high officials.

With a kindly smile, the general asked one of the boys, "Well, and what did you learn during the last hour?"

"Spontaneous, enthusiastic applause," was the prompt answer.—*Aufbau*, New York.

HOME—Dining

Parents who wonder why children are never home at meals, why they prefer a hamburger at the juke joint

to entertaining at home, have only to look at the crowded dinette. The recurrent ritual of good food and family association at a leisurely meal around the dining room table tightens family bonds as nothing else will.—*Ladies' Home Journal*, 9-'41.

INSURANCE

Yes, it is possible to buy air raid insurance on homes and buildings in the United States. Rate: 5 cents per \$100 on class B or ordinary residential structure. Policy covers damage caused by enemy or U. S. planes.

News of the New

AGRICULTURE: Seedless tomatoes are promised for next year's dinner table. They're grown by snipping the blossom and spraying with solution of indolbutyric acid. Advantage: Greatly increased production.

" "

ARMY: Out goes the soup-bone—the old army cook's standby. Army now experimenting with boneless beef. Saves half shipping space. Other advantages: Greater ease in cutting; protection against contamination.

" "

HOUSING: Now it's the "flivver house" coming off assembly line. Weighs half as much as a Ford. Cost: \$700. Overcome by wanderlust, you take it apart, telescope sections, stack them like poker chips and call the moving van.

" "

INDUSTRY: The "electric eye" is bringing back the old, spectacular (and much faster) Bessemer process for making steel. Process dropped at turn of century in favor of slower, but more accurate open-hearth furnace. Now, "electric eye" which never suffers from squint, strain or hangover, makes rapid Bessemer method again practicable.

Henry Ford last week exhibited his plastic automobile—product of 12 years research. Only frame, motor and wheels are metal. No chance of early commercial production. Several ingredients are imported. No can get.

" "

SCIENCE: "If we could only save up some of this sunshine for next winter!" Now, they're doing it! Summer sunshine is being used to heat water in underground tanks—which may be drawn on for warmth in winter. Water in the tank of an experimental home project reached a maximum of 194 degrees, from solar radiation in midsummer; dropped to a minimum of 122 degrees in February. Thermostatic control kept the house at minimum temperature of 72 degrees F., for one year.

Radio Corporation of America laboratories have developed an electron microscope that permits magnifications to an undreamed of degree. Example: a human hair can be magnified to the size of a California redwood tree. Permits study of cell tissues in far greater detail. Especially useful in biology and bacteriology.

INVENTION—Wartime

Today the British have an Invention Board as part of the Ministry of Supply. This agency carefully considers all ideas. The flow of suggestions submitted has quadrupled since the beginning of the war. Some of the ideas are far too fantastic to be practical as for instance, these few choice specimens:

Artillery shells packed with venomous snakes.

Sea gulls trained as submarine detectors.

Screens whirling around battleships or buildings at such a tremendous speed that they would deflect bombs.

A rifle with a curved barrel to be fired from a trench without exposure of the soldier.

A device for freezing clouds so that they would be solid enough to be used as foundations for anti-aircraft guns.

A gigantic beam of "black light," large enough to black-out the moon.

On the other side of the picture, there are many inventions which have come from civilians and have been extremely valuable.—HARRY WHITESIDE, "Do You Know—?" *Opportunity*, 9-'41.

LABOR—Organized

A reasonably well-authenticated story has it that Ford representatives battled with the C.I.O. for the right to place a large union label on both the front and rear of new cars, with the C.I.O. holding out successfully for only one label—and that smaller than Ford wanted!—*Sales Management*, 8-1-'41.

LITERATURE—Icelandic

On the remarkable island of Iceland, where even the remotest farmhouse hidden away in the roadless interior has at least a shelf full of books, magazines, and newspapers, illiteracy is unknown, and the man of letters is king. And, strangely enough, Iceland had produced many men of letters.

One unique feature of the literature is that it is written in a language understood by no more than 118,000 people. In the course of a thousand years, Icelandic has changed so little that any child of today can read without effort the great masters of the Viking age.—Condensed from an article by JOACHIM JOESTEN, "The Saga Island," *Commonweal* 8-15-'41.

MODERN LIVING

The New York Sun, shifting most of its former Saturday features to the

Friday edition says significantly: "The five-day week has made a marked change in people's living habits. More and more they are utilizing their Saturdays just as they have utilized Sundays, as a day in which to pursue their holiday hobbies. The Sun believes this condition will become more acute as time goes on."

OCCUPIED COUNTRIES

Several inmates of a Mental Hospital in one of the German-occupied countries escaped one night and proceeded immediately to the flagpole at the fort, which one of them climbed. With his co-conspirators standing guard, he tore down the swastika flag and tossed it to the ground to be stamped upon in derision by the mentally deranged.

Horried at the escape and resulting insult to the conqueror nation, the asylum director hastened to call on the district governor for advice in order to avoid reprisals at the hands of the Germans.

"I'm sorry I can't advise you officially," said the governor hesitantly, "but . . . well, it's too bad all of us aren't crazy!"

" "

When the Fuehrer appeared on the screen at a theater in one of the occupied countries, he was greeted with the usual derisive whistles from the audience. Intermingled with the whistles were loud cries of "Hou! . . . hou!" from a young girl. Arrested with the other offenders on leaving the cinema, the girl was questioned, "Why did you make that noise when you saw our Fuehrer on the screen?"

"Because," was her answer, "I don't know how to whistle."

To prevent repetition of these demonstrations, the auditorium was dimly lit, enabling the Germans to see who dared to mock Hitler or to applaud his enemies. The spectators replied by adopting a completely disinterested attitude. They even took out their newspapers and began to read them.—*Central European Observer*, 7-11-'41.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

"Don't Be a Softy. It's Unpatriotic to Be Unhealthy."—JACK (Strong Man) KELLY, Director of Physical Training under the Nation's Civilian Defense Program.

RELIGION

If absence makes the heart grow fonder—then a lot of folks surely must love the church.—Noted on the Bulletin Board of a Village Church.

SAFETY—Safe Driving

He brushed his teeth twice a day with a nationally advertised tooth brush.

The doctor examined him twice a year.

He wore overshoes when it rained.

He slept with the windows open.

He stuck to a diet with plenty of fresh vegetables.

He relinquished his tonsils and traded in several wornout glands.

He golfed, but never more than 18 holes.

He never smoked, drank, or lost his temper.

He did his daily dozen daily.

He got at least eight hours sleep each night.

The funeral will be next Wednesday—he had forgotten about trains at grade crossings.—HELEN D. BORSCH, "From the Office Typewriter," *Case Alumus*.

SELECTIVE SERVICE

Listen, Mama! Don't send cakes and cookies to your selectee son. This kindly counsel comes from the boys at Camp Knox, Kentucky, and probably represents the feeling of men at most of the army contingents.

It isn't that the boys are unappreciative, understand. But every mother in the country appears to have had the same idea. Result: a plethora of sweet stuff. Bear in mind that the personnel in this man's army is extremely well fed. They crave very little in the way of extra food supplies. The boys themselves say: "Send us sensible things like stamps, stationery, cigarettes—and MONEY."—Reported by MARY RODGERS in *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

SPORTS—Golf

Speaking of the Nat'l Amateur Golf Championship, we need something sensational to save what used to be a top-flight sports event from becoming ho-hum stuff.

The best thing that could happen would be for another Bobby Jones to emerge from some obscure corner of the nation. To tell the truth, the amateur hasn't been any great shakes since Jones retired. When he left, most of the color and glamour of the amateur left with him. It was "Jones against the field" and win or lose, the galleries turned out to see him. Jones had "box-office." Millions who didn't know the difference between a stymie and a caddy knew who Bobby Jones was, and what he had done.

If you don't think the amateur has gone down-hill since then, walk up to

Most of you have seen bronco-riding or calf-roping in some form. But at Cheyenne's *Frontier Days* they have something which is to me the greater part of the show—a wild horse race.

The horses have just been rounded up off the range. They've never been ridden, nor even had a halter on them. They are brought across the infield to the home-stretch of the race track, in front of the grandstand. Each horse is haltered, the halter-rope tied to the saddle-horn of a horseman leading him. Frequently, a halter-rope snaps and the wild horse is free. Then begins a mad chasing.

Gradually, the home-stretch becomes thicker with frightened horses and lunging men. Counting helpers and their mounts, there are around 50 horses and 100 men in the arena. They are given 10 minutes in which to get their horses quieted down. It's about the wildest 10 minutes you ever saw. Horses rearing, pawing, kicking, snorting and plunging in every direction. Men in overalls hanging onto their ears or embracing their necks, trying in vain to hold them down. It isn't comparable at all to the little temperamental jumping around that regular race horses do just before the barrier falls. This stuff is wild and tough. Horses are down on their backs. Men are down under them. Men are swinging thru the air like pendulums, hanging onto horses' heads. Horses plunge blindly thru fences. Wild-eyed horses are running everywhere, and men are sweating and cussing and rolling in the dirt.

Finally a pistol is fired. That is the

signal. While one man holds each horse's head, the cowboy gets the saddle on—or tries to. The timing starts from the pistol shot, and saddling is part of the race.

The second the saddle is tightened, the cowboy leaps on. The holders turn the horse loose, beating him with their hats. This gets him started in the right direction and scares him so he starts running instead of standing and bucking. If a horse at the rear happens to be among the first saddled, the rider has to plunge him thru the whole writhing mess.

Some of the horses throw their riders instantly. Some try to jump the fence. Some take out across infield. Some wheel in fast circles. Some just stand and buck. Some rear, jump and run blindly until they hit something and go down. I saw two run head-on knock each other flat on their backs, while riders went sailing thru the air.

The horses have only halters on them, not bridles. There's no way to guide the raging animal. If you get your horse round the first turn, it's largely luck. Many times the leader will come galloping down the home stretch, only to have his horse turn, a few feet from the goal and start running in the other direction.

The winner of each day's race makes about \$75. I think I'd rather crawl on my hands and knees from Cheyenne to Jordan, Montana, for \$75 than to dive into that cauldron of hot horses' hooves there at the starting line.—ERNE PYLE, *NEA Vagabond Reporter*.

any golfer and ask him to name the last five amateur champions for you. It's six, two and even that he can't do it, and it's the same that you can't do it. Having just looked it up, I'll tell you: Richard D. Chapman, Marvin Ward, Willie Turnesa, Johnny Goodman, Johnny Fischer.—HARRY FERGUSON, *United Press Sports Editor*.

WAR—V Campaign

Speaking of the "V" campaign they tell of a refugee German sausage manufacturer who is producing endless strings or chains of this succulent

food in which one normal sausage is preceded by three smaller ones.

WAR—Weapons

One of the most effective Greek weapons against the Italian occupation has been ridicule of the Fascists. One story describes the Axis military program: "This year the German Army is to clean up Europe; in 1942 the German Army will occupy Asia; in 1943 the German Army will occupy the Americas; in 1944 the glorious Italian Army will occupy Malta."—*Newsweek*, 8-11-41.

GENS FROM Yesteryear

10-Cent Wedding Rings
By BEN HECHT

In June, 1921, Ben Hecht (co-author with Charles MacArthur of the rowdy newspaper play, *FRONT PAGE*) began writing for the *CHICAGO DAILY NEWS* a series of metropolitan sketches, under the general heading, "1,001 Afternoons in Chicago." It is from one of these bits, inspired by a Woolworth jewelry display, that we quote the paragraphs below.

Some years later, the best of these sketches were put into a book, issued by Pascal Covici, who was then publishing in Chicago. More recently, Mr. HECHT has been writing for the newspaper *PM*, and his new book *1,001 AFTERNOONS IN NEW YORK* is soon to be published by Viking Press.

"Sure, I get you. About the wedding rings. Sure, that's easy. We sell about twenty or thirty of them every day. Oh, mostly kids—girls and boys. Sometimes an old Johnny comes in with a moth-eaten fur collar and blows a dime for a wedding ring. But mostly girls.

"I sometimes take a second look at them. They usually giggle when they ask for the ring. And they usually pretend it's for somebody as a joke they're buying it. Or sometimes they walk around the counter for a half hour and get me nervous as a cat. 'Cause I know what they want and they can't get up their gail to come and ask for it. But finally they make the break and come up and pick out a ring without saying a word and hand over ten cents.

"There was one girl no more than sixteen just this morning. She come here all full of pep and kidded about things and said wasn't them platinum wedding rings just too grand for words, and so on. Then she said she wanted half-a-dozen of them, and was there a discount when bought in such quantity? I started wrapping them up when I looked at her and she was crying. And she dropped sixty cents on the counter and said: 'Never mind, never mind. I don't want them. I can't wear them. They'll only make it worse.'"

Pizzicato, pianissimo, professor—little-girl gigglers and hard-faced dock walllopers and slick-haired lounge lizards and broken-hearted ones—twenty a day they sidle up to Madge's counter, and shoot a dime for a wedding ring.

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

An old lady living in the country had a son in the Navy. On one of her rare visits to a neighboring town she saw a sailor. Trembling with excitement, she asked him if he knew her boy, and told him his name.

"Well, what ship is he in?" asked the sailor.

"What ship?" exclaimed the old lady. "Are there two?"

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

JOHN EMERSON

Actor and Playwright

A well-known novelist sold the cinema rights of one of his novels to a certain motion picture producer, and when the picture adaptation was completed, the producer submitted it to the novelist for his okay.

With growing amazement, the writer perused the scenario of his book, and at one point exclaimed, "What on earth is this?"

Looking over the novelist's shoulder at the scene indicated, the producer studied the lines. "Oh, yes," he explained. "In your novel there was a girl in that scene, but in the picture we make her a boat."

One evening, so the latest Berlin story goes, Hitler was catching up on his reading. Accidentally he picked up the Bible and read with avid interest the story of the Red Sea. Immediately he sent a storm trooper to get one of Germany's leading rabbis out of a concentration camp. When the robbed old man arrived, Hitler wasted no words:

"Do you think the miracle of the Red Sea could be repeated?"

"Could be."

"Well," said Hitler, "I could use a miracle like that now. Suppose we fix everything up for your people—cut out the concentration camps and the persecution. Would you play ball with me?"

The old man thought for a minute.

"I know the ancient words, of course, but I would have to have the wand the Israelites used."

"It is still in existence?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Where is it now?"

The rabbi smiled a little:

"In the British Museum."—*This Week*.

" "

The recruits at the training station had just had a protracted drill with full marching pack. Returning to the barracks, the company clerk asked one, "What is that on your back?"

The reply came in a tired voice, "Bunker Hill."—*National Food Distributors' Journal*.

WISECRACKS of the Week

The classic "ersatz" joke concerns a conversation between Mussolini and Hitler. Said Il Duce to Der Fuehrer:

"If you will show me how to make butter from coal, I'll show you how to knit a sweater from macaroni."

" "

A "hoss" player was nervously pacing up and down when he met a friend who accosted him:

"Jim, you look worried."

"Gosh, I am! I hope I can break even today. I need the money."—GUY WALKER.

